

Coinage Issued by Private Mints.
The constitution of the United States provides that no State shall coin money, but it seems that individuals might do so up till about the time of the late civil war. Of course, it has always been against the law to counterfeit or imitate the coinage of the United States, and, consequently, a coin issued by a private mint would have to be so distinct in shape or markings as to show that it was not intended to pass as Federal money. For this reason the \$10 dollar gold coins or tokens issued by several private mints in California during the flush times of the '50's were octagonal in shape.

Gold coins were also issued by the Mormons of Utah at about the same time, and the same thing had been done by parties in Georgia and North Carolina.

Probably the latest of these private mints was the one established in Denver in the early '40's. It is said that the coinage of this establishment being brought to the attention of Secretary Chase, that eminent financier was much astonished to find a respectable firm of bankers engaged in making and uttering money, and was still further surprised when the Attorney General of the United States declared they had the right to do so.

This incident caused the passage of a law absolutely prohibiting individuals from issuing or circulating anything intended in any manner to serve as money.—Washington Star.

NO-TO-BAC Tobacco Still Hated.

CHICAGO, September 8.—(Special.)—The Chicago Inter-Ocean's Illustrated Supplement, describing the great success and profits of No-To-Bac, has made it famous in a day. Mr. H. L. Kramer, the active man, was seen today at his desk in the Inter-Ocean and in talking of No-To-Bac's growth, said it was hard work to keep up with the rapidly increasing demand, as every issue sold advertised No-To-Bac's merit.

He said: "No-To-Bac is not sold on the strength of the testimonials and words of such testimonials, but under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded." "That means a single issue about worth very short, as it absolutely protects the user from physical injury or financial loss." "Why," said he, "No-To-Bac will cure 100,000 cases this year, and the average will average \$20.00 for every one cured, or a grand total of \$2,000,000 saved from going up in smoke and out in spit." "No-To-Bac," he continued, "is a medicine that has been tried three times. According to the testimonials, however, the money saving is the least, considering the relief of the nervous system, increase in weight, and a revival of physical and mental powers that is indeed miraculous."

From a physician's point upon No-To-Bac as a great tonic, and is very true to say.

Every wholesale drug house in this country and Canada has No-To-Bac, and the retail druggists are pushed to supply the demand of customers (the direct demand is enormous).

The cost of No-To-Bac compared with the results is a small matter, as the average man who pays the cost of a cure for a lifetime, No-To-Bac is sold for \$1 a box, or three boxes, \$2.50, with a guarantee to cure, or money refunded.

A few extra copies of the Inter-Ocean Supplement (eight pages illustrated) in five colors, have been secured and will be mailed for the asking, by addressing the following: Inter-Ocean, Chicago office, 400 North Dearborn street, New York office, 10 Spruce street, Laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any one who can furnish reliable evidence that the following is true:

F. J. GUNNELL & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have secured a Cure for the best 10 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

W. E. TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, Ohio.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

It is customary in some households to wash the furniture with soap and water. Such a method may be entirely safe when practiced by careful persons. As the average maid is likely to treat a valued Verne Martin cabinet with the same consideration accorded a common floor, it is well that the use of soap and water by her in connection with furniture should be forbidden.

When soap is used for furniture it should be of the best quality, having but a small amount of alkali in its composition, and the water used should be lukewarm, applied with a soft cloth and quickly wiped off, particularly from all corners and crevices.

Dark mahogany, which is now so fashionable, is particularly sensitive to soap and water, arising from the fact that the coloring matter which operates to darken the wood through the action of light is an acid, so that when the alkali of the water is permitted to remain upon it, it will, in reaching the acid, for which it has affinity, destroy the polished surface.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportions of two-thirds oil and one-third turpentine, is the model furniture restorer. It is what professionals rely on; as a rule they use no other. The woodwork should be first carefully wiped off with a dry, soft cloth, and the dust thoroughly removed from corners and crevices. The best article to accomplish this is a large paint brush, usually called a painter's duster. The oil may then be applied with a smaller brush, wiping off with a soft cloth and rubbing thoroughly dry. It will be found that dark stains gradually lose their prominence under this treatment; should this method be pursued regularly there will be no difficulty experienced in having furniture retain a fresh appearance.

When a piece of furniture is very badly defaced and denied it should be intrusted to some good repairer, who may sometimes find it necessary to scrape off the old finish entirely, in order to make a satisfactory piece of work. When the wood is slightly denuded one may sometimes overcome the trouble by steaming the indentation with a hot iron and a wet cloth, afterward making a small pad of muslin and rubbing over the surface some of this shellac, just adding a touch of oil to make the surface smooth. Scratches may be treated in the same way.—Ladies' Home Journal.

RECIPES.

Brown Sauce.—To make brown sauce put one tablespoonful and a half of butter in the frying-pan and on the fire. When the butter gets hot and begins to turn brown add a generous tablespoonful of flour and stir until the flour turns brown. Now draw the pan to the back part of the stove and stir until the mixture cools slightly; then add half a pint of stock, pour it in gradually and stirring all the while. Place the pan on the hot part of the stove and stir the sauce until it begins to boil. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and about one-fifth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Simmer for about five minutes.

Apple Charlotte.—Rub the bottom and sides of a baking dish with butter, and line it with slices of light bread. Peel and cut apples into thin, small pieces, and nearly fill the dish with them, scattering between the apples plenty of sugar, small bits of butter and grated nutmeg. Do not forget that you must use sugar according to the acidity of the apples. Have sugar and butter on the top layer of apples, which cover with slices of light bread enclosed in water. Put a plate on top with a weight on top to press the bread close upon the apples. Bake it in a quick oven, and serve with a rich sauce.

Gingerbread.—Two eggs well beaten, two-thirds cupful of New Orleans molasses, half cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of butter, half cupful of sour cream, half cupful of sour milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of soda, half teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of cinnamon, flour to thicken, beat the sugar and butter together; add the eggs and beat well; then add the soda to the sour milk; stir in the milk, cream, molasses and spices; thicken so you can drop it easily from a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven. It requires more care and longer baking than a cake made from all sugar.

Culinary Soap.—Cook two small heads of celery (from which the green leaves have been removed) for forty-five minutes in a quart of water in which a shakerful of soda has been dissolved. Boil a pint of milk, half an onion and a sprig of parsley together. Mix two even tablespoonfuls of flour with four tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Blend celery in the water in which it has been cooked, and strain the boiling milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve at once. A cup of cream added just after the soup is put into the tureen is a good improvement.

Of the total population of the United States, fewer than one-third are married.

Bees and Honey.

In putting away surplus combs for future use, sprinkle a little dry salt over and into them, and put them in a dry place, says the American Cultivator. This will help to keep out the moth, and as it will shake out when they are taken down for use it will do no harm, as in fact the bees will like a little salt. Although it has often been asserted that the honey bees get no honey or nectar to convert into honey from the blossoms of the red clover, we do not consider this proved. It may be that some of the stems of the bloom are not as long as others, or that in some the nectar rises higher, and certainly this is apt to be the case with the second crop clover, but it is very certain that honey bees may always be found in a red clover field when in bloom, while if they could obtain nothing there, their instinct would teach them to avoid it.

Some practical bee-keepers, who measured the depth of the crevices of the clover blossom, or the length of the bee's proboscis, through they may know from experience the length of its sting, are very sure that they do make honey from the red clover. There are a great many patent bee hives upon the market, and some highly recommended that have not been patented, but the hive that suits the greatest number of experienced bee-keepers is the safest one for the beginner to use, and he has had experience enough to suggest his own improvements. Whatever the form adopted use none but the best stock, and have them well made by a good workman.

An Automatic Fishing Net.

A net which automatically rises to the surface and thus incloses the school of fish to be caught has been invented by Mr. Treves, a French electrician. The net is weighted along the lower edge and has a pneumatic tube along the upper, which can be inflated by an air pump on the shore or fishing boat. A lure in the shape of electric lamp is submerged in the water, or bait, is employed to draw the fish within the compass of the net, and the air float is then tilted, causing the net to rise to the surface and enclose the fish. The net is considered more humane than the ordinary ones, as it does not frighten them nor destroy their eggs. We may add here that at a recent meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin Dr. Hembo of St. Petersburg, read a paper in which he advocated cutting the large blood vessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness supervenes in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anemia. Moreover as is well known, the flesh of animals which have died to death is most easily kept.—Cassell's Magazine.

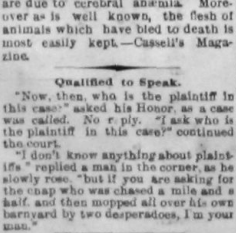
Qualified to Speak.

"Now, then, who is the plaintiff in this case?" asked a House of stock was called. No reply. "I ask who is the plaintiff in this case?" continued the court.

"I don't know anything about plaintiff's," replied a man in the corner, as he slowly rose, "but if you are asking for the chap who was chased a mile and a half, and then mugged all over his own barnyard by two desperadoes, I'm your man."

Sign of True Smartness.

Millionaire-Jack can't be very smart, or he would have a lot of stock in my Jack's Bannan.—That just shows Jack's smartness—that he can get along with as little as he has.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly applied. The knowledge that comes from the study of the human mind is more valuable than any other knowledge, and it is the only knowledge that can be used in any way.

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Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

Cheap Gas in England.

Statistics regarding the manufacture and sale of gas in England show that in the year 1889 the public works sold gas at 82 cents. A profit of 22 cents was made on the gas at these figures as shown by the statistics in British reports, after interest and sinking fund were paid. There are 173 public gas works owned in Great Britain, and the average cost to the public of the gas manufactured is really only 50 cents, including interest and sinking fund. A lower price of gas increases the number of consumers very greatly in England, although the difference in cost is as 50 to 90 in favor of the public gas companies. The statistics show that 405 private gas companies only have an average of 2,757 customers for each. The public works have an average number of consumers each of 6,646. The English statistics are conclusive, as showing the

advantage of public ownership of lighting plants.—Minneapolis Journal.

Authors.

The methods and tastes of professional authors in this matter are quite as varied as is the character of their several contributions to literature. For example: The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of penne white, on the other hand, both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic calligraphy. Charlotte Bronte wrote in the minutest of characters in a diminutive notebook, and Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

CHILLON: The anger of a woman is the greatest evil with which one can threaten his enemies.

CURES OTHERS

RAD CURE, SPEC OF BLOOD—CONSUMPTION.

K. C. McLEIN, Proprietor.

When I commenced

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 30, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

The cry now is for the nomination of a President in 1896, "A Western man or bust!"

One of the heaviest tax-payers in the county says that he believes that when the court-house is finished that every citizen of the county, with the exception of one or two, perhaps, will regard it as the best investment the county ever made, and be glad that it has been built.

The preacher prayed, "Oh, Lord, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt guide and instruct the rulers of the land; make them to be upright and conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and may they rule wisely and well." A disgusted Republican muttered, "I'm going to leave this church; I hate politics in the pulpit."

The odds are that after the present legislature meets, Pocahontas will change her Congressman. It is a border county of the Third District, and we Democrats of the county are swelled up with the idea that the Third District will never be made safely Republican if they leave us in that District.

BLAND, the great silver leader, will leave this Congress probably never to return; he may make a herculean effort and push through a bill for the coinage of silver, which the President might sign to retrieve his reputation as a Democrat. The country is in a disorderly state, and it would be a good idea for us to try a number of things to see whether or not any of them would have a beneficial effect upon the system.

The reason they said that Mr. Carlyle, Secretary of the Treasury, was working at the problem given to the schoolboy—how long would it take a frog to get out of the well if it climbed three feet each day and fell back six feet each night—is because he proposed to sell the bonds for gold. The bidders simply cashed the gold certificates when they heard it, and, instead of filling the Treasury with gold the movement actually depleted it. The great gold reserve is the very thing which he wished to protect. The wise men at Washington do make some bad breaks at times.

Along with Woman's Suffrage and like innovations, of these days, comes the preacher in politics. Parkhurst, the man who defeated Tammany from the pulpit is a notable example. Are we tending to priest domination? That they do not belong to the Romish church, is no commendation. Heretofore, the Protestant churches have prided themselves on the fact that their religion dealt with things above and beyond the government of the country, and that their mission was to benefit the world by filling it with christian men and women, and not to judge that the powers that be are far worse than they might name. Dr. Parkhurst preached that New York city was ill-governed, and the city was taken up by his ministerial brethren and the Republicans came in. This was only the beginning, and the good Archdeacon, being tempted of

the devil, may continue to try to become famous as movers of mankind. The women have also tasted blood and beaten Breckinridge and formed elabs in New York, and the future no doubt holds many possibilities in the way of *fin de siecle* politics.

CHARLESTON, W. Va. 1
Nov. 20th, 1894. 1

Mr. Andrew Price,

DEAR SIR:—I am getting on O. K., have just visited the Capitol building, in the museum of which the doors of old Fort Donnelly near Lewisburg, have recently been placed. This fort was occupied by Col. Andrew Lewis just before the famous battle of the Horse Shoe Bend, at Point Pleasant. The doors show the marks of tomahawks, and are very interesting relics. They are made of walnut and fastened together with hand made iron hinges. I succeeded in breaking off a splinter behind the janitor's back, which I enclose.

Another exhibit here of great interest is the old hunting outfit carried by Daniel Boone on his last tour here and in the West. It consists of his old flint lock rifle, which is 5 feet 4 inches in length, and has been carried on the shoulder so long that the stock is almost entirely worn into. The moulds are of stone, and have capacity for two ounces of lead. The shot pouch is very venerable looking, and has attached to it a hunting knife almost worn out, and a stick on which notches were cut to register the days spent on the western (Missouri) tour. His old brass compass and sundial show signs of long use. There is also a survey of ground under his own hand, for which, I am told, the State of Kentucky has offered \$1800, and a well-worn cane of common spruce pine. A very small scrap of his commission as Captain in the war of 1812 still remains. One of the most interesting things is the horn in which he carried his bear bait. What if the old pioneer could relate it?
N. C. McNEIL.

C. A. M. Meadows, late of the *Industrial Age*, has leased the old outfit of the Logan county Democrat, and contemplates starting a newspaper at Welch, to be called *The Tug River Tug*. Mr. Meadows has been long connected with the newspaper business and is a live man.—*Kanawha Democrat*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estray Notice.

There are on my place near Edray three sheep, one with a small bell on, ear marked; smooth crop on right ear and a hole in same and under bit out of left ear. Owner calling for same and paying cost of keeping and for this notice, may have his sheep. J. E. BARLOW.
Nov. 29, 1894. Printer's Fee \$1-12

Notice.

The time for filing claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company and all sub-contractors is hereby extended until December 17th, and A. Gunther, a sub-contractor, whereas, unknown, is hereby notified that claims against him on account of his finished contract, in excess of funds now due him, have been filed with the Clerk of the Court, and he is directed to be present on that day and show cause if any why any or all of them should not be approved for pro rata payment out of any funds that may then be due him.

MANLY MFG. CO.,
By ROBT. F. MANLY,
President.

Notice.

I have been employed by several German families to purchase farms for them in Pocahontas county. Any one having real estate of any character to dispose of, will please write to me at No. 366, Virginia Street, Charleston, W. Va.

N. C. McNEIL.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

Lightning Hit Group—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Send Everywhere, Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain!

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day - - - 1.00
per meal - - - 25
lodging - - - 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

Public Sale of Stock.

On Saturday, 15th day of December, 1894, the following property:

80 head of Ewes.

1 six year old horse, good driving or saddle horse.

1 Single Buggy, been run only a short time, also, 1 set Buggy Harness.

2 head of Horses, 3 years old, well broken.

2 head of Horses, 2 years old, next spring.

1 New Saddle.

12,000 shingles.

Terms of sale.—Purchaser to give bond, with approved payable October 1, 1895.

Respectfully,
S. P. MOORE, Frost W. Va.

W. Swecker, Auctioneer.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery

Store and Shop.

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

THE BEST!

I carry in stock the best Driving Shoe now made.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

A shoe made in the state of Michigan, by a maker who knows what is required to stand water and hold calks. You need not fear to give them a try.

10 IRON TOPS ONLY \$5.00.

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PUBLISHED AT

WHEELING, W. VA.

The Farmer's Friend.

A Home Companion.

The Best Story Paper.

Has already the Largest Circulation of any Newspaper in the Two Virginias.

Eastern Ohio, or western Pennsylvania.

The Great Twelve-Page Weekly.

Its women's and children's columns are of unusual interest.

Its Special Features cost more money than is paid by ANY TEN other papers in the same territory.

Its news columns cover the world.

Bill Ryan writes for it; Dr. Talmage preaches for it; Wallace F. Wood and Rudyard Kipling, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Julian Hawthorne, E. J. Wilson, Rider Haggard, Olive Harper, Sam Crinkley, and the best literary genius of the world contribute to its columns. It is a magazine! And every issue an education.

Only \$1.00 a Year! Agents wanted in every locality. Many for agents in working for it. Send for sample copies. Send six names giving the address of yourself and five neighbors who want free copies, write for agents terms. Clubs of six for Five Dollars.

Address: THE REGISTER, WHEELING, W. VA.

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various narcotic medicines which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
Covey, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Jackson, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience with its outside properties with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won its way to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally care-worn, are an appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—no other state your mind, and it's pleasant to take.

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Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 29th day of October, 1893, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in deed Book No. 23, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina L. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 2nd day of April, 1895, commencing at 3 p. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Edray District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts, one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resides, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Basler and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 25th day of November, 1893, said deed or patent numbered 18931.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with houses and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of yew pine and other timber.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney.

Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

THE ADVERTISERS

FOR 1895.

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HOME NEWS

—Charlie and Eddie, sons of H. P. McLaughlin, Esq., are down with fever, near Huntersville.

—Dr. Patterson has been kept very busy for several weeks by his professional duties.

—Miss Lillie Friel is giving much satisfaction to the patrons of her school on Douthard's Creek.

—Mr. Louis Yeager, perhaps the youngest teacher in the county, is getting along nicely with the Huntersville public school.

—Mrs. H. P. McLaughlin is very ill with typhoid fever. Also, Mr. Etta Thomas, of Huntersville.

—Jesse Sherman P. Curry and James Smith captured a fine deer a few days since near their home.

—The residents of Mr. Thomas Moore on Rock Alleghany was burned last week with all its contents, as no one was at home at the time.

—A called session of the County Court was held the first of this week, to consider matters pertaining to a settlement with the public buildings contractors.

—The slate men came on the first of the week, and the jail and janitor house are under roof, and work is going on at the courthouse roofing.

—Mr. William Harper died last week, at his home on Greenbrier River, after a lingering illness from consumption. His death is sincerely mourned by his young family and many attached friends and neighbors.

—Mr. Charles Cochran, of Rockbridge county, Virginia, representing the Stanton grocery firm of Bowling, Spotts, & Co., was at Marlinton Friday.

—About fifty hands are employed at Hunter's camp. The drive will be very large this coming spring. Perhaps six or eight million of feet will come down with the Spring tide.

—Mr. J. H. Doyle, with the assistance of the Fisher Brothers, has been getting the repairs upon the old court-house, for Col. Turk. The rumor is afloat that a high school is in contemplation at no remote period.

—William H. Grose, Esq., has been doing a good business in furnishing many patrons with fruit trees. Our county promises to become noted for the quality and quantity of its fruit, apples, pears, and peaches. Mr. Grose merits the patronage of all desiring improved varieties.

—Parole from Charleston report about two hundred prisoners in the custody of the Marshall. Quite a proportion of them are colored, and most of them charged with violating the internal revenue regulations, or in other words, moonshining.

—Charles E. Sutton, the artist, will locate in Marlinton on or about December 1st. All ladies desiring instructions in painting should not miss this opportunity. Ornamental and landscape painting a specialty. Terms the very lowest. He would like to organize a class at Hillsboro. Call and examine samples at E. H. Moore & Co's store.

—It is not generally known that no matter how big a head of horse a deer may have it has all been grown since the summer months before. The antlers may look old and weather-beaten, but a few months before they had been "velvet" and had hardened into bone in that remarkably short time. The discarded horns are rarely found. The mountain mice eat them. Then, too, the buck rubs them off in the thickets where a hunter is not apt to walk.

—Tygart's Valley has a scourge of typhoid fever. From Huttonsville up there have been thirty-five serious cases, and three deaths. Statistics of typhoid fever give the average death rate as ten per cent. The fever in Randolph county seems to have been well managed as the death rate is less than this. As far as known all the cases of fever came from one well in the village of Huttonsville. Presumably got three cases all of which are doing well.

—Mr. R. B. Chalmondeley killed two bears at Mingo last week.

—A protracted meeting is in progress on Elk at the Mary Gibson chapel.

—Frank Mullenax, of Dalton Georgia, who is fixing up the jail here, has built seventy-four jails.

—Mr. Manley brought sixteen workmen with him this week as an additional force to push the courthouse; four stonemasons, four plasterers, two carpenters, two cementers, two jail machinists, one tinner, and one painter. All that remains to be done of the brick work is the front entrance. Eight teams are out this week for the windows and eaves; and five teams for slate. Mr. Hubbard, the superintendent informs us that the building will be completed in sixty days, ready to move into. The heaters will be working by next week, and the plastering begun. It will take three weeks to finish the stone work, at the present rate of progress, men are coming twenty miles just to look at the building.

—Last Friday, Mr. Morgan, who carries the mail from Huntersville to Hillsboro, was feeding his horse at the Huntersville postoffice, at noon. Two wagons driven by David Sharp and Frank Mann, came by at which the horse took fright and dashed away at headlong speed, overturning the backboard and scattering the fragments as far as Jesse Hill's cabin, where the horse was checked by Jesse at the risk of personal harm. The spot is marked by pools of blood, and blood all could be tracked by the horse's paw to Marlinton. Mr. Morgan secured the mail and with the post for a saddle, rode to Marlinton. The backboard is a hopeless wreck, its usefulness is over.

—This time of year the "buck fever" is a dreaded disease to the hunter. It is very infectious as when he is carrying a shot mountain rifle. When a man old the deer stand, if he lets the rifle through, he calls down all the game of the whole crowd on to him for his carelessness. We hear of one man who was standing on the Greenbrier, who took a wild shot at a deer, and then in trying to reload, he shook so that the bullets rattled out of his pouch, and he spilt every grain of powder from his horn. The deer was killed by the man on the next stand.

—Speaking of the six-pointed buck which lives in Marla's Mountain, commonly known as "that same old buck," calls to mind the killing of the "Chesterfield Ridge buck," which lived in the mountains around Thomas Creek, and was shot by Hugh McLaughlin, Esq., last fall. Over a hundred men had shot at this deer, never having touched him, except one shot that knocked him over by touching his horns. Mr. McLaughlin got a face to face shot at about thirty-five yards and dropped him in his tracks. It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to kill one of these deer.

—A few years ago the Rev. Mr. Anvil had in charge as pastor the field which Rev. W. H. Hart has now, the Marlinton circuit of the M. P. church. Mr. Anvil had an unusually large nose. One day an impudent fellow called to him on the street in Huntersville and asked him why his nose was so long. "I have never worn it off poking it into someone else's business," was the witty rejoinder.

—When the St. Lawrence Company first bought timber in this county, the fine average pine trees cost them about five cents each. A citizen, who did not sell on those terms, manufactured lumber, and found the average profit to be about \$1.50 per tree. Even ten cents does not appear any more adequate as a price for a tree than five cents, yet the man who got \$1200 for his pine, would have received \$2400 instead.

—Married, November 8th, while seated in their buggy, near the residence of the officiating minister, W. T. Price, at Marlinton, Mr. Jacob C. Sheets, of Green Bank to Miss Anna M. Ogler, of Driftwood. The parties were accompanied by Mr. George Ray and Andrew Sheets, brother of the groom, who recently suffered double amputation, as mentioned in The Times a few weeks since.

What if this country were to freeze up without having come a rain? Man and beast would suffer for water, yet the winter is a coming on.

—Marlinton, with its five stores, five hotels, high school, and public works, presents a lively aspect these fine days.

—Jake Smith, of Valley Head died last week of typhoid fever.

—Married, at Mingo, Thursday Nov. 22nd, by Rev. Bittenger, Mr. Piatt Marshall and Miss Beatty.

Chest Mountain.

Chest Mountain takes you up above the clouds. When on top you are on the backbone of this whole country. It is a promiscuous lot of mountains piled promiscuously on top of a highly elevated base. Chest River runs among those mountains, about six miles from the Greenbrier, but thousands of feet higher. It has been considered a very practicable thing to turn the Chest into the Greenbrier and thus make the latter more navigable, from Ronceverte up. In the days of the old stage coaches, the turnpike over the mountain was quite a thoroughfare. After the war it was neglected, and the road became covered with turf. A few years back and the Dering & Son's company commenced lumbering on a large scale, and a small settlement was formed at Chest Bridge.

There is a club of sportsmen, West Virginians and Pennsylvanians, obtained a charter for a game preserve, and fitted up a comfortable club-house.

Therefore there is now a good deal of life on Chest Mountain, but the climate remains the same. Already they have experienced a heavy drifting snow, and the roads are frozen and covered with ice.

At this elevation of course the flora and fauna is affected. They have one plant that is peculiar to that country, and that is the thornless blackberry. A botanist at Morgantown a few years ago, sent it to a scientific society, and it was called for him in its Latin name.

Railroad News.

The Webster Echo publishes an item from the Bradenton Central, to the effect that the Chesapeake & Potomac Railroad Company has deeded at Sutton, made to the Philadelphia Trust and Safe Deposit Company for three million dollars. This involves the building of the road from Cheltenham to Sutton. It is believed the road will reach Clay Court-House by next June. The remainder pushed rapidly as possible. The Black Diamond system that interested our people so much a few years since seems to be coming lively. Le Marquis Eugene de Bonchamps is hopeful of its completion and goes to Paris in December, to negotiate for the sale of bonds. It proposes to follow a bee line from Chicago to Norfolk, and the right of way through Pocahontas is secured.

Some Deer Statistics.

A very good idea of the amount of game there is in the mountains around Traveler's Ridge, can be gained from the following figures. These figures are of course very incomplete, as they probably do not represent one-half of the kill in that neighborhood this year:

Will Yeager has killed four deer two of which weighed over two hundred pounds.

J. C. Armstrong and boys, sixteen in one week.

The Kelley boys, eleven in one week.

George Hinchin, six deer and one bear.

Babe Blair killed three in one day, and his other hunkilled eight.

Poley Arlesport, one.

Charles Skelin, five.

Frank Burser, one; he has tracked nine different bears in a week.

Jim Townsend, ten deer.

Yeager Clyde Beard (aged 12), two.

W. P. Lockert, two.

About "Ironideses."

Many will remember an article in the Huntersville newspaper from the pen of its correspondent, "Ironideses," who has been trying to raise a stink in this county this past season; this particular article attacked the church by taking for its theme the presumption that a churchman is a hypocrite. It was an illustrated article which did the church no harm, and caused scarcely any comment, few having read it at the time. A Bath county citizen sends us to publish a couple of columns of fine matter meant to refute the pernicious article. The refutation has already been printed in the Bath News.

We asked to be excused from publishing the contribution for three short reasons:

First, that he has loaded a cannon to kill a mouse, in answering the vagaries of "Ironideses."

Second, that we believe that Christians are greater than their vilifiers, and that they humbly confess themselves sinners, and trust that they are in the church because it is their duty to profess Christ before men, hoping to be saved thereby, and not pretending to save the church by their holiness.

Third, if the editor of the Huntersville paper allows an article advocating infidelity in its nature to be published in his columns, we know that it is a pure oversight, and that he already regrets that the article appeared.

Lucella.

Corn shocking over. Butchering is the order of the day.

Some sickness in this part. The sick are, Mrs. Lizzie Hill, droopy; Mr. Granville Hill, pneumonia, typhoid fever; Mr. J. B. Vaglin, pneumonia.

Hon. D. A. Peck and wife were the guests of Mr. W. B. Hill, last week. We are glad to report Mr. Peck improving from his sickness.

Mr. Wallace Snedegar and Miss Maggie Crookshank were married by S. C. Morgan, last week. The next day they returned to the home of Mr. Snedegar where a most delicious dinner was served to the guests. The writer of this was there. Mr. Snedegar is a powerful worker. There have been near fifty accessions to the church. He is a powerful worker.

Miss Ida Hill is home from Nicholas county.

Mrs. C. M. Saver is at the home of her mother at this time.

OBSERVER.

Dunmore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker is still confined to his bed with typhoid fever, but is improving. He contracted the fever by drinking water out of Mrs. Price's well at Huttonsville, from which so many cases were contracted. So did Harry Taylor.

H. M. Moore wears two joy bird wings in his cap; it is a soldier girl. John Noel tore up his old hat, and put on a high tariff hat because its another girl.

H. H. Jones and family returned to their home in Highland.

Swecker did not make the Sutton Sale, but he had a regular blow horn who got there with both feet.

We have another blacksmith in town, Mr. Hambrick. We now have about as many blacksmiths as white men.

Mr. Robert McLaughlin hauled two loads of coal from Point Mountain.

Miss Myrtle Harold is teaching the Glade Hill.

C. E. Prichard has returned from Davis city.

Mr. Uriah Hevener, the cattle man, was in town to-day with a nice lot of cattle.

The Misses Vint will go to home keeping this week on Clover Creek.

Benick Kerr will move soon to his new home.

Miss Otis Cackley is up at Dr. Ligon's.

Miss Clara B. Spile is here after a two years' stay away.

We understand there will be new goods and new people moved to the C. C. Arbogast stand at Point Lookout.

The south polar snow cap of Mars is now visible.

The gray partridge of Spain ranges from 3,000 to 1,000 feet above the sea level, and is rarely found below the forest altitude.

There is a state of affairs which puzzles a man. There is no manner of doubt but what he sees more game in traveling over woods when he has no gun to shoot it. Let him, however, take a gun, and the deer "smells the iron" and will not come to the road and look at you. The pheasants which otherwise would strut around and try to get job to throw rocks at them, are hid in the leaves, and even the squirrels are afraid to take a nut in their mouths and scunter down to the roadside and try to look as though he had some business there. There is one animal though of which you see as much one time as another. It is the rabbit. He is an idiot. He is afraid of everything he sees, smells, hears, or has heard tell about. He don't respect a man any more with a gun than he does without, and he is just as apt to sit and suck his thumb and let you shoot at him as any other way. If each family of rabbits did not have 147 little rabbits every year, they would soon be exterminated. But look out for the other animals. They see you first generally, and if you have a gun they let you slide.

Dilley's Mill.

Corn was a good crop in this part, and people seem well prepared for the winter.

Mr. Will Shrader is erecting a dwelling house on what is called the "Bird Farm."

The Misses Keel were the guests of Mr. W. H. Dilley last week.

Dr. J. M. McLaughlin, of Addison, W. Va., is in Bathurst. He will visit his friends in Pocahontas on his return. He is well known in this county, and ranks high as a first class physician.

Rev. E. E. Little has not been transferred to the Indiana Conference, as was reported some time ago, but holds his last Quarterly meeting, on this charge, the 8th and 9th of December.

Some of our young folks are anticipating a merry time on Stampington Creek at the marriage of Miss Lola Bobbett and Mr. Eldrich McClure, on the 25th.

Mrs. Margaret Grimes is visiting her sister near Green Bank.

Miss Florence Hively suspended her school this week, being too unwell to attend.

We are having cold weather but no snow.

Atty. Price, of the TIMES Marlinton, was in our burg on the 26th inst, taking depositions for Mr. John Galford, of Academy, who was also here.

Mr. J. H. Patterson, Clerk of Circuit Court, was here on the above named date on legal business.

There will be a Thanksgiving service at Liberty Church on the 29th inst, conducted by Revs. E. F. Alexander, and C. L. Foster.

The 4th Quarterly meeting for the Green Bank Circuit, will be held at this place by Rev. Hammond P. E. on the 8th and 9th of December.

Miss Clara B. Spile, of Mt. Washington, Maryland, is visiting her father and friends in this vicinity at this time.

Mr. Woodford, of Alleghany county, Virginia, will start a store in the C. C. Arbogast store house soon. The wagons have gone for the goods at this time.

Mr. J. G. Sutton will move eastward in the near future, and Mr. James T. Sutton will move in this house and run the farm.

Mr. Pat Hamilton will rent the farm of James T. Sutton and move to it soon.

Mrs. W. A. Gladwell and Mrs. F. H. Warwick are off to Monterey for supplies. Messrs. E. F. Arbogast and J. L. Warwick, who took a load of live turkeys to Bishopstons W. T. McClintock, of Beverly, is very low with fever at this time.

There will be protracted services at the church at this place, commencing Sunday night, December 2d, at 8 o'clock.

The Little Class at this place, which meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., is very interesting and is increasing in numbers and interest very rapidly. Everybody is invited to attend.

It is reported that Warwick Gun had been hand torn off, some days ago while coupling the log trucks to the engine at the lumber camp on the Backhollow River.

OLD HUNTERY.

There will be a magnificent game of football played this evening between the East and West sides of the river.

Spain spends \$180,000,000 to maintain its army and \$1,500,000 to educate its children.

An anti-lynching committee has been formed in England, including among its members the Duke of Argyll, Sir John E. Gore, Justin McCarthy and others, to join with a similar committee in this country to remove the prevalence of lynching.

If each merchant of San Francisco, says the Commercial News of that city, had subscribed to the Nicaragua Canal when the project was first broached an amount equal to what he lost during the Debs railroad insurrection, the aggregated fund would have built the canal, and that being open would have reduced the losses by fifty per cent. The reduction in freight rates would have covered the balance, and the debt would now be wiped out.

An "irade" or decree of the Turkish Government has recently recommended and even prescribed the cultivation of potatoes, exempting the crop from the tithe taxation. This decree, which may prevent the frequent famines prevailing in some Ottoman provinces, notably in Asia Minor, recalls to mind the support given by Louis XVI. in France to the cultivation of the potato, which had been introduced into the country by Parmentier. In order to make that new industry popular the King and his courtiers displayed for some time a flower of the potato plant in the buttonholes of their coats.

The Philadelphia Record has found a chemist who believes that meats of all kinds will eventually be made artificially by chemical processes. Within this century," he says, "I expect to see synthetic steaks, roasts and chops entered upon the bills of fare at our leading hotels and restaurants, and they will be prepared so artistically as to appeal to the sense of beauty as well as to the appetite. At first, of course, in order to appease the natural prejudices against anything so novel, a choice will be afforded between the real and artificial; but eventually the killing of animals for food will be regarded as a barbarous relic of the past. As this is not an absurd prediction is well assured to those who have observed what synthetic chemistry has already done in exactly reproducing mustard, sugar, butter, ice, lemon juice and flavoring essences, besides madder, turpentine and many other compounds used extensively in commerce."

The New York Tribune observes: A good many mundane telescopes habitually converge on Mars, most of them, in fact, of late, as that ruddy orb presents constantly changing phenomena and seems to be throwing out signals as if to attract our attention. Now it unfolds a new canal as long as the equator and as wide as the Baltic, and again exhibits polar snowstorms of tremendous magnitude and other meteorological phenomena showing a state of great agitation in the aerial envelope of the planet, and probably in the emotions of its inhabitants, if it has any, a point still undetermined by the cohort of Martian observers, notwithstanding the longitude of their telescopes and the latitude of their sidereal speculations. Of late two brilliant points of light have been signalled in the vicinity of its antarctic pole, and the question of their origin and import just now absorbs a good deal of astronomical attention and gives rise to a great variety of opinions and speculations concerning them. Whether they are volcanoes or signal towers or fire balloons, or the reflection of the Martian moon upon the snow clad Martial mountains is not yet positively determined, and perhaps will not be, and it may be that they are neither, but only some wandering aerial will o' wisp flickering there in the midnight void, bewildering to the ordinary star-gazer, and promising no influence whatever on our own political, social or financial conditions. But as we inhabit the sister planet of that blood-red orb, however's antipodes, shuddering the ray and the shadow of war through the stellar deep, we cannot, of course, escape a certain interest in its phenomena, though it sometimes may be overworked, the Duke of Devon's celebrated astronomer.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

Never mind how the wild wind blows—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
Never mind how the old world goes—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
Time is a flyin'—
No time for slighin'—
Hurry along with your loast!
Never complain,
Shinin' or rainin'—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
Never mind if the way is rough—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
When you reach the end 'twill be smooth enough—
"Keep in the middle o' the road!"
Blowin' or snowin',
World keeps a goin'—
Omit slighin' with its loast!
Night may be dreary,
Day may be weary,
But there's rest at the end o' the road!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE COUNTESS ROSAMUNDA

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.



HE residence of the Von Lessteviches stood in the environs of an Austrian town, surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which roses bloomed and fountains played. The branches of magnificent trees flung their shadows over the entrance to the picturesque hall, and great palm-trees, planted in marble vases, decorated the courtyard. But within all was yet more sumptuous, and no room was lovelier than the lower saloon, where the Countess Rosamunda, the walls and ceilings of which were frescoed with designs of Cupids enchainé with roses, scattering rubies over the world, chasing butterflies or leading doves in flowery chains. The floor was covered with a splendid rug from Turkey; the draperies were of tinted satin and the richest lace; the furniture of the sort that connoisseurs batten to bid for when the effects of princes are sold at auction. On two sides of the room bands of silver Cupids seemed to hold great mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling.

One of these mirrors reflected a beautiful female figure seated beside an ornate table, her elbows upon it, the palms of her hands pressed together and turned back upon the right wrist, the beautiful cheek resting on the dimpled fingers of the left. The Countess Rosamunda, who sat so gracefully on the floor. One might have said that the lady was posing for effect, only there was no one there to pose for, and the other glass reflected the face of one absorbed in reverie.

In fact, the soul of the Countess Rosamunda, widow of Count Othon von Lessteviche, was scarcely in her beautiful boudoir; it had gone back into the past. She was once more a girl of sixteen, living with her widowed mother, who boasted of her high descent and did gold embroidery for her bread and butter.

They were always shabby, sometimes hungry, when on the scene suddenly appeared the handsome figure of an old gentleman, well set up, well dressed, courteous, and with red cheeks, white hair and snowy whiskers, an old friend of the family, who instantly began to be very kind to them.

One day her mother told her that he desired to marry her.

"He loves you," she said. "I suppose you will cry out, 'such an old man!' But if you could think of it, our poverty would be over."

"He wants to marry me!" Rosamunda had said. "What a funny idea! But certainly it is a nice one. He is so much like grandpa, as I remember him, that I really love him already."

The child knew of no love but home-love as yet, and the old count, who was a man of society and of many experiences, appreciated her innocence. She married him, delighted to be a bride and wear a crown of pearls and a lace veil that fell to her feet. And from that moment she was patted and had not to wish for a thing to have it. They were soon everywhere, her little hand tucked under his arm, and his delighted glances continually revealing his delight in her. No one could be so good, she thought. Had he not provided for her mother, bought a commission in the army for a magnificent brother and did he not continually praise and caress her?

Her first unhappy moment came when a fatal illness fell upon him two years later. She had mourned him deeply and believed herself to have experienced all possible astronomical misfortune, and often said to friends who mourned their domestic troubles to her aid.

"Ah, how dreadful, so different from my poor Othon, who was a perfect husband. But then, we were perfectly happy."

Among themselves, these other women would not call her a little hypocrite.

and to-day his widow had made a discovery. At the age of twenty-five she had learned the first time that what she had always believed to be the ravings of mad poets and the absurd extravagance of romance writers and laughed at was merely a transcript of actual fact. That there might be some one in the world whose presence was joy, whose absence was despair, a glance from whose eyes seemed to penetrate the soul; who was handsome, better, nobler than any other living being; whom one would be willing to live for or die for; a touch of whose hand could make one tremble; who divided the earth into two places—where he was and where he was not.

It was a romantic affair. Her horses had run away; her carriage had been dragged wildly along the road; the coachman, thrown from his seat, lay senseless. Death stared her in the face, when she was saved by one of the household servants to man. She had recovered to find herself in his arms, and in them was borne to her own home.

Her gratitude was intense, and, as was natural, an acquaintance followed. The man who had saved her was the private secretary of the Baron Trenner. He was, in her eyes, the handsomest of living men. To any one he was attractive. He was a gentleman of culture, comparatively poor, of course. But at this moment she was saying to herself: "What does it matter? I am rich; and never did I know the value of wealth until the thought that I can bestow it upon him came into my mind."

Now she sat there, dreaming of a future which must come. "Oh, the bliss of being the wife of a man one truly loves!" she whispered. "And that he loves me I know well. The thought of my rank and fortune forced Valdimir to speak; but I will make him comprehend that he need not consider them obstacles. Surely I can do that without sacrificing my pride. And, after all," she cried, rising and speaking aloud, "of what value is that cold, hard armor that hurts and bruises the woman who wears it? I will fling it off and wrap myself in the warm cloak of love. I will be happy, and so shall he."

Then she seated herself at her escritoire, wrote to young Valdimir, asking him to sup with her, and, having dispatched the note, summoned her maid and devoted herself to her toilet.

Her mother would, of course, sup with them; but good Madame Murk always fell into a profound sleep after a heavy supper, and Valdimir, somehow, the Countess Rosamunda intended that Valdimir should sup that he might tell her that he loved her, before they parted.

Her mother came, Mamma, attired in black velvet, smiled serenely above three sets of chains and occupied her self with her tatting. Rosamunda was beautiful as a dream. As Valdimir was announced, and she arose to welcome him, he might have read the story of her love in her eyes. Perhaps he did, and when supper was served, and they took their seats, he said, "I was only Madame Murk who sat at anything; the other trifled with that food, put little morsels between their lips for form's sake, looked at each other, sighed—the moment was approaching."

When last, the lady slipped her napkin into its ring, and, as if from Rosamunda, the servants removed the table, Rosamunda stepped into a deep window and said to Valdimir:

"The moon is rising over the hills; do not not wish to wait!"
In an instant he was beside her. They were close together. Her heart was beating wildly. A second he thought that she could hear his. Then he spoke.

"Countess," he said, "I have long wanted to tell you something about myself. Personal history is not really interesting, but when a lasting friendship is possible—"

He paused. She looked up into his face with a beautiful smile.

"Whatever has to do with your life will interest me," she said.

"Then I will venture," he began. But at this moment a servant open the door.

"Countess," he said, "a lady wishes to see Herr Valdimir."

But, as he spoke, a figure, veiled and cloaked, rushed past the man and flung itself into Valdimir's arms. "You are here!" he said, "I am glad to see you. You love me, do you not? You will protect me?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," he said. "Yes, Martin, be sure of that. But tell me what has happened? Why are you so terrified?"

"The Countess will forgive me for asking to speak to you in private," the girl said.

That she was a girl Rosamunda had known by her slight figure and youthful voice, but now she knew her back and her face and her eyes and her hair, and she knew that she was the woman who had saved her from death.

Her mother was that of a lady; but Valdimir's eyes were not of a lady's.

ed tenderly upon her. Her hand held his.

"He loves her! She is his betrothed wife! This is what he was about to tell me," the Countess Rosamunda said to herself. A mingled wrath and grief possessed her. She felt for the first time the pang of jealousy.

But now the pride, which she had described as armor, which kept her from seeing, came to her aid. Her face was marble-white, but she forced herself to say courteously: "Permit me to leave you alone," whispered to Madame Murka, and then left the room together.

Once outside, however, her feelings overcame her. She turned from her mother, and walking swiftly, passed out through an arched doorway into the courtyard. It was flooded with moonbeams; the whole place was as light as day. The marble, white as newly-fallen snow, the leaves of tropical plants in the great vases, glistened as though out from jade.

"Valdimir loves another woman. He is lost to me," she said to herself. "What shall I do with my earthly life? How can I endure the days that part me from him?" And now a furious hate for this love of his leaped into her heart. "I could kill her!" she muttered with clenched teeth. "I could kill her!"

As she uttered the words a carriage drove rapidly to the door and stopped. Two men alighted. They wore in military dress and wore the colors of the Sultan of Turkey, and displayed upon their uniforms the distinguished mark of the star and crescent. Each doffed his hat as he approached. They evidently understood the Austrian customs and intended to appear courteous; but words could not describe the veiled intolerance, the cold cruelty, in the eyes of the elder man. The Countess saw at once that they were not Turks, but belonged to those Austrians who had enrolled in the fact, when the Sultan's army, and it was in the younger addressed, it was in good Austria.

"Pardon, madam," he said, "we seek the Countess von Lessteviche."

"You address me," replied the lady.

"Pardon me," said the younger man. "We have come to a pleasant young female who has left her home in Austria and is said to have sought shelter under your roof. Is such a person here?"

"A young female?" As the words fell upon Rosamunda's ears she understood that the girl who she had seen clinging to the arm of the man she loved, the girl he had embraced in her presence and in whom his very soul seemed centered, was she whom they sought. For a moment a savage joy possessed her.

She saw plainly that these men had some cruel purpose in their minds; that they intended the girl some harm. But why should she think of that, she asked herself, when she might part her rival from Valdimir by one motion of her hand? Complete revenge was at hand. Why should she not seize upon it?

For a moment the Countess contemplated doing this. Then over her heart swept a flood of angelic pity, not for the girl, but for Valdimir. She realized the fact that, though he loved another, she loved him too well to make him suffer.

"He shall be happy, though I may never be," she sighed.

"Madam does not reply," said the elder man, sternly. The Countess turned toward him with her haughty air.

"A creature of the sort you describe certainly did rush into my presence a while ago," she said. "Naturally, I had nothing to do with her. If you take that road," and she indicated one by a motion of her hand, you can scarcely fail to overtake the creature, which has just passed out of sight."

That was true. A vehicle of some sort had dashed along the road. She had certainly had nothing to do with the girl who had cast herself into Valdimir's arms, and she called her "that creature" with hearty good will, for she hated her.

The manner of the Countess totally deceived the two men, but before they entered the carriage, she heard the muttered oaths in which they expressed their wrath at having lost so much time.

And now she must continue her good work, if it were to be of any avail, and she hastened to re-enter the room where she had left Valdimir and the fugitive governess.

"Two of the Sultan's officers have been here," she said, speaking coldly to the girl, and refraining from glancing toward Valdimir. "They are in but know nothing of your affairs, but I will help you to arrange them. I will give you a letter to the name of the convent upon the hill powder. As long as you need shelter they will afford it, and especially in a case such as this appears to be. You must secure the confidence of the servants and go on your journey, undisturbed."

"Oh, madam, how can I thank you?" said the girl. "How can I

tell you my terrible story. Those men are my enemies, yet they would—"

She paused, blushing hotly; and Valdimir, taking her hand, said gently:

"Do not pain yourself by the recital. The Countess will comprehend enough that our enemies have, for mercenary reasons, sworn allegiance to the Sultan. My sister, placed under their care by our dying mother, was seen and admired by their master; and she, comprehending that they were about to sell her, fled from their home to seek my protection. She has traveled many weary days and suffered much, but she has escaped the fearful fate to which they had doomed her."

"Your sister!" cried the Countess. "This young lady is your sister?"

"My only one!" said the young man. "My little sister Maria. Tell me that in the excitement of the moment I have not formally presented her."

"His sister!"

At the words, the world seemed to become paradise to the Countess Rosamunda, and she opened her arms and took the girl to her bosom. "At the same moment she gave me such a look he comprehended. As their eyes met, so did their hearts. There was no doubt, no fear, in either, only perfect love and confidence. This seeking of hearts is one of the occult without knowing any more about it, and sometimes hearts meet when hands may not."

It is in this case it was not so, and the reader will understand that one day the Countess Rosamunda was united to Valdimir, and that the Sultan never again saw his beautiful Maria, who remained with her brother and his wife in Austria—The Ledger.

WISE WORDS.

The father of lies loves half's truth. A mother was nature's crowning work.

Blood relations are the hardest to bleed.

Every grain of good wheat holds a big fortune.

It is sometimes to be trusted, bad men never die.

Nations seldom learn from experience; fools never.

It is easier to convict a rich man than to convince a fool.

After the dance the average man finds it against the grain to pay the fiddler.

Would you know the qualities a man lacks, examine those of which he boasts.

Go down the ladder when thou marry a wife, go up when thou choosest a friend.

Excessive application produces results that some attribute to inspiration and genius.

A mother thinks her daughter's faithful piano practice is sweet music. That is love.

Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, slip thinking and go in.

The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them.

Our lives should be as pure as snow-balls, where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

A man cannot go through the world with a loving heart without having joy written on his face.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright shadow of the heart.

The greatest sin the world knows is to refuse to see him as he thinks he is.

A Protection Against Dogs.

A Saratoga County clergyman has discovered a method of protection against the attacks of strange dogs. He was walking a street one day when a large and apparently ferocious canine came toward him growling and showing his teeth and otherwise giving evidence of a disposition to do him bodily harm. All attempts to drive the animal away proved futile. At last a happy idea struck him. The clergyman was compelled to pass that spot and the dog was in evidence, the latter kept at a safe distance and never even so much as barked or growled at the preacher. The clergyman has tried the experiment with many other dogs and has found it to be a sure way to keep the animals in sight, so that they only appear to be in the neighborhood. He is seriously warning his flock, reminding them of the words of the apostle—Beware of the Dog.

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Best and Cheapest Goods for
the least money



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Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day,"
Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the

BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard....Ladies Shoes, LaBelle Helena, \$2.25 for \$1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, \$1.75 for \$1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A \$15.00 SUIT FOR \$10.85?

A \$3.00 pair of pants for \$2.25.

Thirty-three and one third dol' on each \$50 you spend, in five years will
will make the sum total, \$83.334.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade,

P. GOLDEN.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

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Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked
store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We
give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do
do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce
taken in exchange for goods.

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days. All outstanding debts
must be settled at once.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c and 50c PER BOTTLE. NO REFUSE, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (University of Western, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

A Pretty Little Story.

"Bobby Flax," a very pretty lit-
tle story in the November number
of *Money's Magazine*, is from the
pen of Miss Margaret Kenna,
daughter of the late Senator John
E. Kenna, and a graduate of Mt.
de Chantal. Miss Kenna has an
inherited fondness for the State
her father loved so well and from
one of his favorite haunts in Green-
brier county she has selected the
early headed little boy who is the
central figure in her story and who
gives to it its name. He is a man-
ly little fellow, and bears up brave-
ly under trials that would crush
many an older one. His heroism,
his devotion to his mother and his
manly character appeal strongly to
the reader, who readily grants him
the place of prominence in the story
allotted by the writer, although
his part is really a minor one, and
he is but the means of showing how
a man's true character is often-
times made known, the best that is
in him brought out by some deep
sorrow. The story of Bobby is
beautifully told, and is the work of
one who evidently possesses much
literary talent, although she has
never before been known as a writ-
er for the magazines—*Wheeling
Register*.

Haunted Woods.

Strange goings on have been re-
ported concerning a certain neck
of woods, where a road from Frost,
joins the Huntersville, and Green
Bank road, near where Levi Sharp
lives. This is the spot where H.
R. Mason, Esq., foreman of the
lumber firm of Smith, Whiting &
Co., was held up two winters ago.
For a long time a certain stump
was placed in the middle of the
Frost road, of nights, until a man
haunted it miles away. Since then
a certain log, requiring two men to
lift it, has been put in instead.

A certain gentleman who is ac-
customed to pass here late in the
night, sees or hears something mys-
terious, every night, and his horse
takes a regular fit of plunging.
One night he saw something in
shape of a man, by a large tree, but
could not tell whether it was hu-
man or not. He refrained from
firing on it. White pieces of cloth
are found tied to bushes here, and
not very far away is the place
where Renick Kerr's hogs were
killed. People have
missed a lot of stock that ranged
in these woods.

A thorough investigation is talk-
ed of being made.

Valuable Woods.

"Many of the finest woods in ex-
istence are yet unknown, or only
slightly known, to the manufactur-
ers of wood in the civilized world.
The woods of Central and South
America are, perhaps, the most re-
markable as well as the least known.
In the untouched forests of this
continent are many woods far finer
than any of those now in use.
These woods range from pure white
to jet black in color, and many of
them are most beautifully marked
and veined. Some of them are so
hard that they turn the edges of
axes, chisels, and other tools, while
the band saw cuts them only slowly.
In the Columbian Exposition there
were many displays of little known
woods, and the finest of them were
those from Argentine Republic,
Brazil, and other South America
countries. Some of these southern
woods yielded to the teeth of the
band saw, not the ordinary sawdust,
but fine powder, fine as the finest
flour, so hard were the woods.
Some of them burn but slowly.
Others possess qualities that keep
them free from insects. Some of
them seem to be practically inde-
structible by air and water. All
along the eastern slopes of the An-
des, up to the snow line on those
great elevations, throughout all the
great river valleys, and in some of
the wide areas of level country in
South America are great forests of
fine woods that are specially fit for
the finest cabinet and furniture
work, and also for shipbuilding,
carpentry, and other industrial arts
in which wood is the "raw material."
These great forests are now an un-
known quantity in the commercial
world, but they will come rapidly
into the knowledge of men and into
industrial use when once the rail-
road has reached them. Before
many years, it is safe to predict, the
South American and Central Ameri-
can regions will be threaded by
railroads, and then those wonderful
woods will be drawn upon to supply
the demand for new and fine woods
in all the civilized countries.—Ex.

The Last of the Buffaloes.

Hunters know that buffaloes will
never unless forced cross the iron
of a railroad track, and this fact
figured largely in the unfortunate
work of extermination which these
animals have suffered since the
Western plains have been spanned
by railroads.

The greatest blow dealt the bison
herds of the Northwest was the
completion of the Northern Pacific
track west from Bismarck to the
Rocky Mountains. This road prac-
tically divided the herds, and those
to the south were soon swallowed up
in the general slaughter waged by
Indians, pot, hide and tongue hun-
ters, foreign sportsman and others
who were out to kill anything they
saw on sight.

This was during the winter of
1882-83. The buffaloes to the north
were in many scattered bands, but
there was one great herd of not less
than 75,000 head, which had found
a temporary refuge in the triangle
formed by the Musselshell Missouri
and Yellowstone rivers in Montana,
and as yet they had not been
"smelled out" by either red or white
hunters. But they were as surely
doomed as though already killed,
for the railroad iron cut them off
from the southern range, and the In-
dians of the Canadian northwest, as
well as those of our country, barred
their retreat into the far North and
so they were hemmed in between
the two, with no possibility of escape
in either direction. This last herd
was completely wiped out of exist-
ence in less than four months, and
before the close of the year there
were but a few singles and pairs
left as fugitives in that vast country
where but a year or two before they
could have been counted almost by
the hundreds of thousands. At the
end of that season 800,000 buffalo
hides were shipped east from Glen-
dive, on the Yellowstone River.—
Scientific American.

First Actor (pulling the trigger
of a revolver six times)—"Die you
miserable villain!" Second Actor—
"Your pistol has missed fire, Sir
Rudolph, but I am smitten with
remorse for my many crimes, and
will die according to your wish." Then
he rolled on the stage in ag-
ony while curtain slowly descended
amid the cheers and laughter of the
audience.—Ex.

When Ed was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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where he is selling flour at cost
and carrying. Note the
following prices:

XX	Shells (patent family)	\$2.50
	Old Dominion Extra	3.00
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get feed, salt, fertilizer, and farm-
ing implements of all kinds at our
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On account of sickness in my
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from business here. I will dispose
of my entire stock of goods at first
cost and carriage. All parties in-
debted to me are requested to call at
once and settle their accounts, by
note or otherwise. All accounts
remaining unpaid by December 1st
1894, will be placed in the hands
of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past
patrons, I remain very respectfully,
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